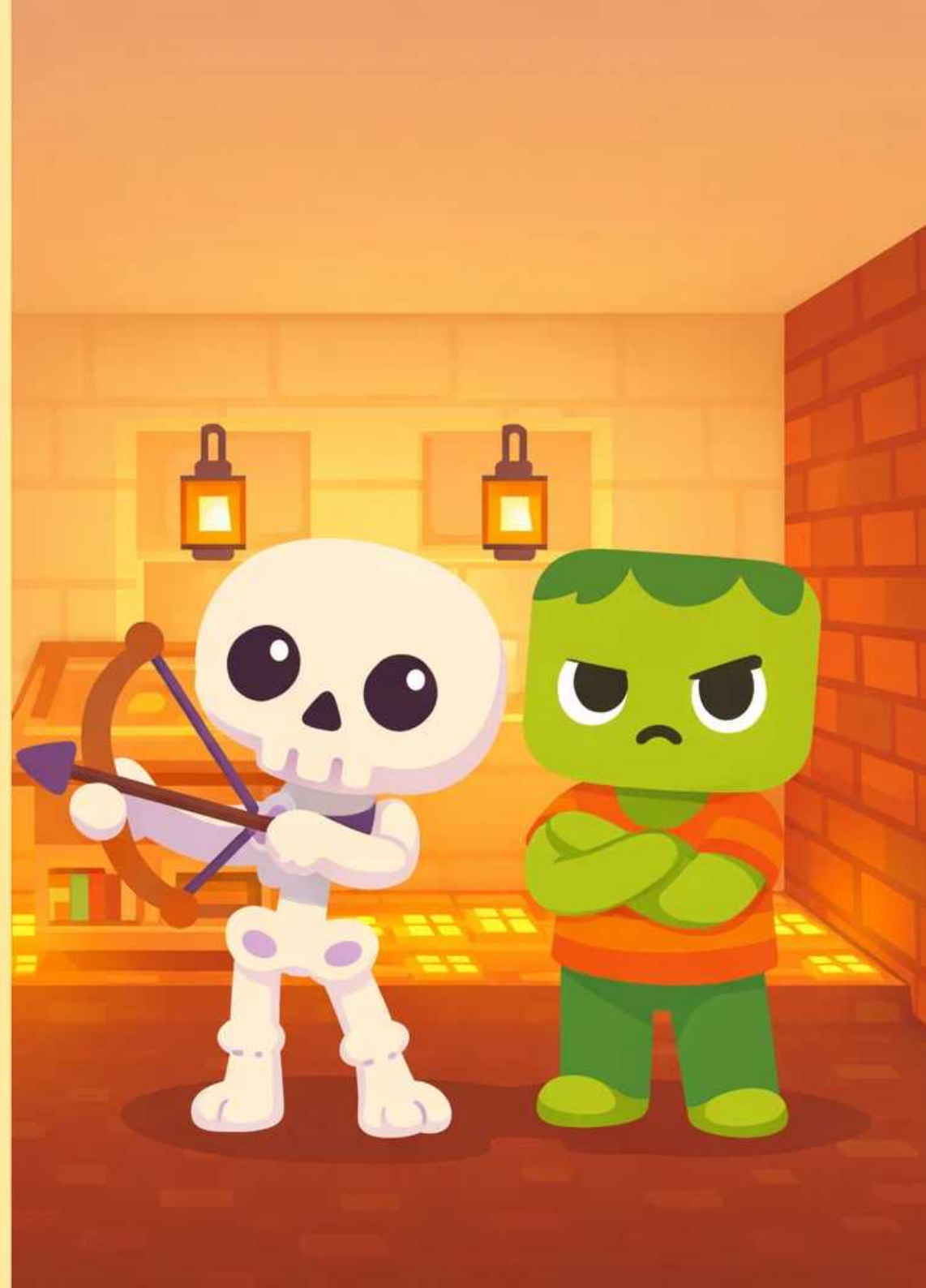


PESTS!

An Unofficial Minecraft Book



Skel likes his brick home.
He likes to **keep** it **neat**
and **clean**. Each day he
sweeps the planks and
lines his books up **neat**.
"A **neat** home," Skel
says, "is a happy home."
Zom crosses his arms.
"Dirt is fine."





Jack is no help at all. Skel hands him a mop. Jack lets it fall. Skel hands him a cloth. Jack lets that fall as well. Jack holds up his big hands and grins, like he is **being** very clever. "Cleaning," Jack says, "is not for me."

Skel looks at the sticky planks. He looks at the muddy mess on the mat. He looks at the heap of scraps Jack left by the rug. Once more. Skel grips his brush. "Fine," he says. "You two do not want to help me **keep** this place **clean**? Then I will stop. I am off."





Zom and Jack **see** Skel
march off. They look at
one another, then at the
yard. "No more **sweeping!**"
says Jack. "No more
cleaning!" says Zom. Jack
stands with a big grin.
Zom sits on the **green**
grass, **leaning** back. No
more work. No Skel. They
feel free.

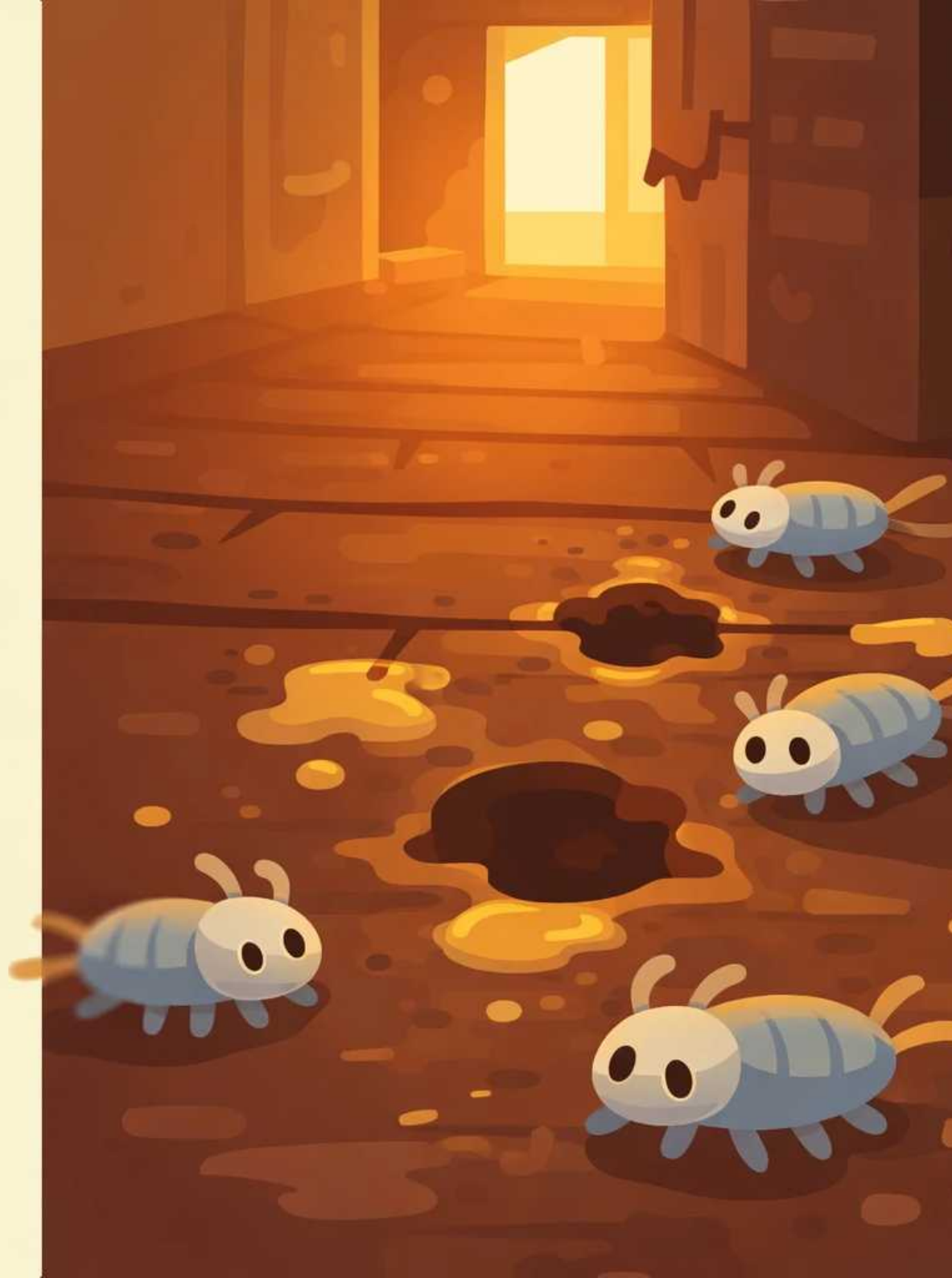
Day one, a sock sticks
to the mat. No big deal.

Day two, the home
starts to smell bad. Zom
sniffs and steps back.

By day three, the muck
is deep. It creeps up
over Zom's feet. Zom
just grins. "Still fine!"



It is not fine. The planks get more and more sticky. Then they get thick with grit. Tiny legs skitter over the muck in the dark. Bugs. A heap of them. Creeping like a stream.



Zom needs a meal. He reaches for the last treat on the bench. Buzz. Flies! A thick, buzzing heap of them, between Zom and his feast. He keeps reaching. The flies creep in. He leaps. The flies get there first. Zom yells, "Get back! That is my feast!"





Jack lifts the pile of
cloths he left on the
rug. **Beneath** it, legs
move. Dark legs.
Many, many legs.
Spiders! They **stream**
from a crack in the
wall. Jack jumps back.
"No. No. No. No."

Zom and Jack **each** have a pet. The pets **leap**. They run. They chase. Yet for **each** bug they catch, **three** more **creep** in. Beetles on the bench. Bugs on the **meat**. Spiders in the socks. One big **creepy** pink bug sits in the middle of it all, like it is the boss. Zom and Jack look at **each** other. "We **need** Skel."





Skel is back, a big grin on his skull. "So," he says. "Dirt is fine, is it?" Zom looks at his **feet**. Jack looks at the wall. "I will help," says Skel. "From this day on, we all **sweep** and scrub. No **being** lazy. **Deal?** " Zom gets a mop. Jack gets a cloth. This time, nothing falls.



Pests!

Skel keeps his brick home spotless, but Zom and Jack think dirt is fine. Fed up, Skel walks out and leaves them to it. Will their messy home stay peaceful without him, or will something start creeping in from the shadows? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 85: ee, ea, ey /ē/), this book practices words like 'creep', 'deep', 'sweep', 'feast', 'clean'.

Phonics Focus: ee, ea, ey /ē/

beetle, being, beneath, between, clean, cleaning, creep, creeping, creeps, creepy, deal, deep, each, feast, feel, feet, free, green, heap, keep, keeps, leaning, leap, leaps, meal, meat, neat, need, reaches, reaching, see, stream, sweep, sweeping, sweeps, three, treat

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